

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.

THE YOUNGEST SISTER.

BY MRS. LUCY K. WELLS.

"I rocked her in her cradle,
And laid her in her tomb—
She was the youngest—oh! what fireside circle
Hath not felt the charm of that sweet word,
The youngest ne'er grow old."

It was twilight, and I sat watching the decaying embers, when my attention was arrested by the sound of voices in the adjoining apartment. I heard nothing except, "Ah! you are the youngest!" in a tone of mingled reproach and fondness. The youngest! what an echo has it awakened! I lately heard those words among the hills of New Hampshire, connected with a touching tale of truth, which I shall not soon forget. I was riding along the bank of one of those bright and tranquil little sheets of water, which hide away among the mountains, as if fearful that aught less pure than the heavens should be mirrored in their blue depths. This had been one of the most sequestered and beautiful; but a narrow strip of level green sward, between its margin and the surrounding hills, had tempted the avarice of man. The hard hand of rustic toil had been busy there, and the plash of oars sometimes ruffled the calm surface of the lake. But enough of quiet and of nature's wildness yet remained in its green islands to afford a

sure retreat to the wild loon, who wheeled, screaming, around, as if to protect her last retreat from the intrusion of man; and the water lily still reposed in its calm beauty, like trusting infancy on its mother's breast.

Turning an angle around the base of a hill that came almost down to the water's edge, I found the shore of the lake extended to a broad level glen, which wound for some distance among the hills. A little brook, with that sparkling purity peculiar to mountain streams, stole through the valley. Just at the point where it mingled with the lake was a farm-house, with nothing in its first appearance to distinguish it from the ordinary dwellings of New England yeomanry. But as I drew nearer, I saw that the hand of taste had been there. The most delicate wild flowers of the surrounding hills and forests had been transplanted to the garden, which sloped gradually from the house to the water's edge. The colors and shades were arranged with a painter's taste, and the effect was surpassingly beautiful. By the doors and windows of the humble mansion, the sweet briar and the pure white rose mingled their delicate blossoms with wild creeping plants, which had been trained up the sides of the house. My curi-

osity was strongly excited. The day was warm and sultry, and I ventured to crave a stranger's privilege—rest and a glass of water. An elderly female, whose homely garb and manner told that those tasteful ornaments were no work of hers, was the only occupant. I ventured to remark in an inquiring tone on the beauty and arrangement of the flowers; but for a while tears were my only answer. "Oh," said she at last, "it is the work of my daughter, who sleeps by the side of her two sisters under the shade of those old elms. *She was my youngest* and so good and gentle, that it was hard parting with her. Her elder sisters had drooped and wasted just as they arrived at womanhood. I thought perhaps they had worked too hard, for we have always earned our bread by the sweat of our brow, and never knew what it was to be idle. Janet was the last, so we put no tasks upon her, but suffered her to work or play, just as she pleased. Our boys were all well to do in the world, and had good farms of their own, except John, who run to learning, and must needs go to college. It was sorely against our will; but he talked so well, and coaxed so much, and told how much good he would do when he became a minister, that we at last consented. After he went away, Janet never seemed like herself. Formerly she would go singing about her work so brightly, that her father called her his lark. But now she looked so sad and lonely, that it made my heart ache to see her. John came home in vacations, and brought her heaps of books; and then she would look happy, and speak and sing in her own clear tones again. When they wandered about in the woods, she would come home with such red cheeks, and her face so covered with glad smiles, that I thought she at least would be spared to my old age. But when he left she drooped again like a caged bird. Her only happiness seemed to be in reading the books he brought, and tending the flowers he had planted. She took no interest in assisting me; but still she was so kind and obedient, I could not find fault. The summer passed away, and autumn came, and I saw with many a heartache that her forehead and ears grew pale, very pale, while the red on her cheeks grew deeper and brighter. She began to have a slight cough, and her clear voice became faint and low; but oh! how sweet it sounded when she took some of the last flowers of autumn, and told me how they spoke of a Heavenly Father's love, and

that he who thus cared for the flowers would surely care for us. 'See, dear mother,' she would say, 'how carefully the little flower is protected by its clasping leaves, so that it has braved the storm, as tender and delicate as it looks. God has taken care of it, and he will take care of you,' and her voice faltered when she added, 'even if you were left alone.' It was the first time she had spoken of what I feared, yet dared not whisper even to myself. I wept bitterly, and told her, selfish that I was, for I saw that this dark world was as a prison to her, that she must not die. And then she put her arms around my neck, and talked to me of heaven, and how sweet it would be to be there with Agnes and Mary and little Godfrey, and how soon I, too, should be there with them, ~~and~~ I wept no more, and only longed to go with my blessed child.

"We still thought she might live many months, and she talked cheerfully of the happiness she would enjoy when John came home in his winter's vacation. But all at once she grew very sick; we sent for a doctor, and he said she could not live three days. I told her the heavy tidings, for her poor father was broken down with this last trouble, and could not speak of it. 'So soon!' said she; but after a moment's pause she added, clasping her thin hands and looking upwards, "'Thy will be done!' But, John—I can't die till I have seen him. You must send for him, and I shall live till he comes.' I told her he was so far off it would be more than a week before we could get him here. 'No matter for that; dear, dear mother, do send for him, and I know I shall not, I cannot die till I have seen him. We sent, and every day she grew weaker and her breath grew fainter. But how sweetly even then did she talk of heaven and of a Saviour's love. Almost every hour she would ask, 'Has John come yet?' The doctor came again and again, and said he wondered what it was that kept her alive. 'Why, Doctor,' said she with a faint smile, 'I can't die till I have heard his voice in prayer once more.' At length the seventh day came. It was the Sabbath, and one of the brightest of early winter mornings. She roused from a deep lethargy, which we had thought would prove her last sleep, and asked me to give her a rose-bud from the bush which stands there in that window. Just then we heard the sound of a horse's hoofs; he had come. But I cannot tell you of their meeting. My eyes were too blinded with

tears to see it, and my heart too full to remember much. I only remember that in a few moments she showed him the rose-bud, and told him her lot was like that of the flower. But he told her no; the flower perished, but she would bloom again in heaven, where nothing is ever blighted or withered more. She thanked him fervently, and in the clear, musical voice of her brightest days, for all his love to her—for his patient teaching—for instructing her to see a Father's hand in the trees and flowers, in the sunshine and the storm. 'And more than all, my brother, I bless you for pointing me to a Saviour's love—

for leading my wandering, exiled soul to Calvary I shall now soon be with him. Kneel, my brother, and commend my departing soul to him.' We all knelt by the bedside, and my poor boy, with her thin, wasted hand clasped in his, in a few broken petitions implored the blessed Saviour to be with her where the love of earthly friends could avail nothing—in her passage through the dark valley. When we rose, her eyes were closed, and a sweet smile played upon her lips. We thought she slept, but it was the sleep of death. Her last wish was accomplished, and she had gone to heaven !"

ON READING, "GIVE ME BACK MY YOUTH," BY GOETHE.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Yes, give me back my spring's bright day,
When pleasure wreathed her blooming flowers
Around my brow, and I was gay
As birds that warbled in the bowers.
Bring back the merry lay of mirth,
When, on the dew bespangled earth,
I danced, unconscious of the spring
Which moved the spirit's folded wing,
That, rapt in quiet slumbers, lay,
With no desire to fly away,
Light, happy, free, devoid of care,
Believing all as true as fair.

Yes, give me back those balmy hours,
Those halcyon days so free from pain,
When Fancy, from her gilded bowers,
Beheld the world one sunny plain—
Saw naught of dark deceit or wo—
Of life's strong ebb—its onward flow.
All that I knew, still urging on
To grasp the note I gazed upon,
One scene of wild romance and love—
The goddess of some sylvan grove,
By amber fountains and sparkling stream,
Picturing this life a fairy dream.

The "rush of joy," Goethe, the thrill,
Didst thou then know? the powerless will?

Yes, well, or never could thy mind
Have named the strange, the undefined
Sensation of youth's opening morn,
The impulse of a bliss just born,
Before unknown, and ne'er expressed—
The first faint flutter in the breast—
The gleam of joys that ne'er expire—
The rapture of the first desire—
The uncontrolled, impetuous roll
Of passions springing in the soul.

The confidence, the love of truth,
The inextinguishable flame
That lit the onward paths of youth,
Nor dreamed that "friendship was a name,"
Nor thought how cold the world would prove—
The world, the fancied home of love—
The Eden where the pulses waked
The font, the thirsty spirit slaked.
Oh, childhood! youth! come back again!
Come back with all your gilded train;
Cluster my path of life once more,
Ere I towards an unknown shore
My footsteps turn. Thou canst not come!
Then take me to thy heavenly home,
Where youth, immortal youth appears,
Radiant with smiles, undimmed by tears.

Sag Harbor, L. I., 1846.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR THROUGH PART OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

I EMBARKED ON the evening of the 27th of August, in company with my daughter, on board the steam packet *Royal Adelaide*, in London, for Leith. This ship is about 160 feet in length, 45 feet, including her paddle-wheels; in breadth, and 650 tons burthen. She has two engines of 100 horse power each, 56 inch cylinders, and 5 feet stroke. All the marine engines in England are condensing engines. No high pressure engines are used, and the calamity, so common in the United States, of boilers bursting, is of rare occurrence. We left London at half-past 12 o'clock at night, and ran down the river without the slightest interruption. In the morning we were off the coast of Essex. The voyage was extremely interesting, as the coasts of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, and the north of England, with the towns adjacent, and ten thousand objects of attraction, constantly presented themselves in succession to our view. The general aspect of the coast, in the northern part of England and the southern part of Scotland, is that of bold cliffs of a dark slaty appearance, almost entirely destitute of wood or of any natural ornament. The ruins of ancient baronial castles and the modern seats of noblemen occasionally, and the harbors, villages, and towns, constantly met the eye.

We arrived at Leith on the 29th, at 12 o'clock at night, performing the passage from London, a distance by water of 480 miles, in 48 hours, averaging 10 miles an hour. Full half the time the wind and sea were ahead, and we may thence conclude that the ship ran her average speed. We had about 90 passengers in the cabin, and ample room for the accommodation of all. The ship finds provisions, the expense of which is included in the \$15 passage money, but the passengers purchase on board their wine, porter, liquors, &c., &c.

As it was ebb tide and the harbor of Leith will not admit ships at low water, we came to anchor in the roads. Some of the passengers, whose friends reside in Edinburgh, went on shore; but others, and we amongst the number, remained on board until morning.

Leith is the port of Edinburgh, at the mouth of the Frith of Forth. The houses are of stone, utterly destitute of architectural beauty,

the streets generally narrow and dirty; the whole exciting but one feeling—a desire to get out of it as soon as possible.

The road leading to Edinburgh is broad, and one feels that he is far enough from the houses and by-lanes to breathe freely and sweetly—a luxury one can hardly appreciate until he has visited Scotland. We reached Edinburgh, a distance of about three miles from Leith, at 9 o'clock in the morning, to breakfast. We were recommended to MacKay's Hotel, in Princes street, and found comfortable apartments, attentive waiters, and a good table. As we were exceedingly fatigued and exhausted by want of rest, and the weather cold and wet, we remained within doors for the day. The following morning, however, we sallied forth in good earnest. There was much to be seen, and we were just upon the threshold of our journey. Edinburgh is one of the most remarkably situated cities in Europe. It is divided by a deep ravine into the old and new towns; and although this ravine is partially filled up, and you see gardens, markets, slaughter-houses, workshops, and cottages at the bottom, still there is no communication between the one and the other but by bridges and an earthen mound, recently constructed. The new town may be called the court side, and is handsomely laid out in streets and squares, the former broad, clean and airy, the latter spacious and elegantly built, the whole of free stone, which abounds in this part of the country.

The old town is very old, the houses very lofty, six to eight stories, a few even ten stories. Most of the public buildings are in this part of the town.

Mountains, detached peaks, rugged cliffs, surround the city, excepting the northern part of the new town, which is a gentle declivity, extending to the Frith of Forth. You cannot move many rods in any other direction without climbing a hill or descending a valley, and one must enjoy a strong and vigorous constitution to endure a day's ramble in Edinburgh.

Crossing, opposite the Register Office, the northern bridge thrown over the ravine, and which forms one of the connecting links of the old and new towns, we pass up Bridge street until it intersects High street. High

street, Lawn Market, and Cannongate, all one street under these different names, constitutes the main street east and west, and extends from the castle to Holyrood House. North and South Bridge street and Nicholson street form together the main street, running north and south, in the old town. These streets are wide, well paved, and remarkably filthy.

The idea of comfort and cleanliness, if ever entertained, seems to be utterly repudiated. The men, women, children, the very dogs and cats, in that respect, are all alike. They look as if they had just crept out of a dustman's cart, and were equally hostile to the wholesome use of soap and water. If the lofty stone houses in this part of the city were cleaned, glazed, and painted a light color, to give them an airy and fresh appearance, perhaps there is no city in Europe that would more strongly resemble Paris in magnificence and grandeur.

Turning to the left from Bridge street, you enter High street, and as you approach a part of the street called Nether Bow, you perceive on the left an old house projecting from the regular line of buildings, which is said to have been occupied by the celebrated reformer, John Knox, and the truth of the report seems confirmed by the fact of a miniature pulpit, stuck just upon the corner of the building, with the reformer himself in the attitude and act of preaching, pointing to the sun, rudely carved and gilt, just over his head, with these words beneath, "Theos, Deus, God." The house is now converted into a common tavern, and the great Knox and his pulpit very uncereemoniously retained as its sign.

You now enter Cannongate. On the right stands the mansion of the former Earls of Moray. The form of the building as seen from the street is half a hollow square. All the windows in front are blocked up with rude unchiseled stone slabs, and the whole wears a most dismal and gloomy appearance. It is now occupied as a house of refuge for the destitute, and seems in perfect keeping with its destination.

At the foot of this street, which gradually descends from Bridge street, on a low extended plane, stands Holyrood House, celebrated in Scottish history as the residence of the Kings and Queens of Scotland, and the scene of the tragical events which chequer the story of her departed glory and independence.

This palace, the monument of broken down royalty, is an object of the deepest interest to

a stranger, of none at all to the natives themselves.

The Royal Arms of Scotland, the Imperial Crown, and the like fragments of a nation, decorate the entrance to the inner and central court. This court is 94 feet square, and is surrounded with a piazza. Although the Palace is but two stories, yet its general appearance is that of ancient grandeur and magnificence, heightened by two double towers of four stories in front. The park, of four miles in circumference, adjoining the Palace, is now converted into an asylum and play-ground for insolvent debtors. What a change from its former gaiety! And yet the mind of an insolvent debtor may, for aught I know, derive some consolation by walking in the trail of expelled monarchy. I can fancy, however, that a good dinner would please a Scotchman better.

The Duke of Hamilton, by hereditary right, is the keeper of the Palace, and has apartments furnished for his use. A few other noblemen of decayed fortunes here find a home and resting-place from the withering gripe of adversity.

From the court, the guide conducted us to the remains of the Chapel Royal, on the left of the Palace, founded by David I., in 1128. And what did we find? A most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture; the roof entirely gone—all open to the sky; part of the splendid arches which once supported the roof still remaining, and the wild ivy, emulous of distinction, creeping up the external walls. Beneath our feet were scattered the monuments of all that was great in Scotland. The fathers of the present sixteen peers of the British Empire here slumber in the dust, and the *very bones* of the ancient monarchs, famous in the chronicles of Scotland, lie exposed to the rude gaze of the scrutinizing stranger. God seems to have planted in the bosom of all nations, the most barbarous and uncivilized, as well as the most refined and polite, a profound and respectful reverence for the ashes of their departed chiefs. Scotland is an exception. We were next conducted to the Picture Gallery, stretching 150 feet, the length of the northern side of the Palace, and strung with 111 portraits, if the most miserable daubs can be called such, of the monarchs of Scotland.

We were then shown to the apartments of the Earl of Breadalbane, which are shown to strangers, only in the absence of the family. There were several beautiful paintings in these

apartments. The only other rooms of particular interest to which we were shown, were those of Mary, Queen of the Scots, and the dressing-room whither Riggio was dragged when assassinated, in 1566. The blood-stained floor is still pointed out in the adjoining apartment.

Queen Mary's furniture, in part, is still preserved. There stand the dressing-table, the work-box, the looking-glass, &c., just as the unfortunate Queen left them, and will for ever excite the sympathies of humanity.

After leaving the Palace, we visited the Castle, which, from an eminence of almost perpendicular rocks at the western extremity of the old town, overlooks the city. Its elevation is about 300 feet, and it occupies a space of about seven acres. As you wind up to the summit of the Castle, you pass battery after battery, all guarded by the soldiers of the garrison, and you see at one glance that the Castle commands the city. From the ramparts you have a most delightful and extensive view, stretching over the whole city, the Frith of Forth, the mountains in Fife and Sterling, the harbor and roadstead of Leith, and the lofty peaks which shoulder up the sky in every direction.

The Castle is quite inaccessible, excepting upon the eastern side, as you approach from Lawn Market and Castle Hill. It contains extensive store-houses, magazines, arsenals, and has accommodations for a garrison of two or three thousand men with all their appurtenances. At the time of the union of Scotland with England under one crown, the sceptre departed literally, and the whole of the ancient regalia of Scotland remained packed up in chests in the Crown Room of the Castle from that period (1707), until George IV., a few years ago, visited Scotland. Some doubts were entertained relative to their existence. A commission was appointed, of which Sir Walter Scott was one, to search for the jewels, when the whole were found packed up just as they were left 140 years ago. These regalia, consisting of the crown, sceptre, sword of state, and the court jewelry, are now exhibited to gratify the curiosity of strangers and the cupidity of the keepers.

Descending from these lofty towers, we visited the university, which is said to be the largest public building in Scotland. It has a magnificent entrance, and the court, in the form of a parallelogram, is spacious. From the court you see the whole building at one

view. It is constructed of hewn stone, and if the court were clean, and the windows clean, and the flight of stately steps leading to the terrace walk were clean, which they are not and never will be until the national habits are changed, the whole would be worthy of the metropolis of an empire.

Churches, chapels, jails, alms-houses, court houses, and hotels, are so much alike in all countries, that it would be a waste of time to enter into particulars. Suffice it to say, that there is ample room for all the rogues in Scotland, and accommodations in all these various places for all her Majesty's subjects.

Taking leave of the old town, and returning to the new, we proceeded to Carlton Hill, rising conspicuous above all other objects in this part of the city. The ascent is very steep, and, climbing 350 feet to the summit, you find yourself at the foot of Nelson's monument, which is a rough octagonal stone-built column of 100 feet in height, with a spiral staircase within, designed to commemorate the victories of England's great naval hero. Singular, however, as it may seem, no record, no inscription of any kind appears upon the monument. It may therefore serve as well for a mariner's beacon, or to honor the victory of Waterloo, or any other thing, if some good-natured person did not tell you, "That is Nelson's monument."

Breathless and exhausted, we reached the top of this monument. The expanded view, the immense space over which the eye can uninterruptedly range, apparently embracing almost half of Scotland, is the ample reward of persevering toil. The Scotch are fond of monuments, and are restrained from indulging in this species of national vanity only by the expense. The evidence of this fact is now before us. Near Nelson's monument, upon this very Carlton Hill, you remark the commencement of an immense work, called the National Monument. Twelve columns have been erected at an expense of \$63,000, and there it stands, and has stood for the last twenty-five years, to mock the city, a real monument of the folly or parsimony, or both, of the good people of Athens. I know not the specific object of this national monument. It may be designed to serve as a tablet on which to record the achievements of a gallant people, and thus to hand down to posterity an imperishable evidence of what Scotland once was.

On this hill, as near to the sun, moon, and

stars as it was practicable to get, stands the observatory—a very beautiful building, neat, chaste, and elegant, without the slightest ostentation, and apparently well adapted to its astronomical object.

The main streets in the new town, running east and west in parallel lines upon the edge of a hill, perhaps a mile in length, are Princes, St. George, and Queen streets. These streets are wide and airy, the houses well built, with the same uniformity of appearance which characterize the streets of Philadelphia, and which weary the mind and body, too, by a never-ending identity.

The principal squares are St. Andrews, Charlotte Moray Place, Royal Circus, Drummond Hall, Heriot Row, Arbiacrombie Place, &c. These squares and places are elegantly constructed, their front areas handsomely laid

out in gravel-walks, and tastefully planted with shrubs and evergreens. Many of these splendid mansions, at this season of the year, are deserted and shut up. All who have the means to be fashionable, adjourn into the country to enjoy the mountain breeze and the pleasure of rural sports. The nobility, freed from bowing at court, range the barren heaths in pursuit of moor game, and exult as much over the death of a bird as in the establishment of an empire.

Edinburgh contains a population of about 170,000. It is not a commercial place; it is not the seat of government; but it is the home of the Scottish nobility, of the literati of the country, of all that is elegant, and accomplished, and opulent in society, and therefore the pride of the nation.

EVENING.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

WHILE the fading day, yet florid,
Gilds the steeples of the town,
With a star upon her forehead,
Comes the gentle evening down;
And a grey and gauze-like mantle
Melts around her robes of brown.

Sacred rest from her is given—
Rest, and love, and joy complete;
All the sweetest birds of heaven,
Singing, drop down at her feet;
And the happy rustic maidens
The sweet songs of peace repeat.

Now the farmer 'mid his cattle
Stands, the conscious lord of all;
And the horse, like one from battle,
Hears the heavy harness fall,
Turning, with a neigh of pleasure,
Well-contented, to his stall.

Not alone o'er hills and valleys
Falls the star-light of her mien;
But in streets and dismal alleys
Is her holy presence seen,
By the rich and by the beggar,
And the crowd who walk between.

And the bard, though worn and weary,
She renews with strange delight,
Spreading round his walls, late dreary,
Fancies beautiful and bright,
Eve comes down, like Cleopatra,
The rare jewel'd Queen of Night.

Though to some she brings no gladness,
While she tells of fearful things;
What though misery and madness
Still inflict their savage stings—
Yet, thrice blessed be the Evening
That some peace to earth she brings!

THE LESSONS OF LIFE;

OR,

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

LILIAN was the youngest and only surviving child of Mr. and Mrs. Raeburn. They had seen their other apparently healthy children bloom and thrive during a few months or years, then suddenly sicken and die. From this cause they regarded Lilian with even more engrossing love than her very attractive qualities and remarkable beauty would of themselves have secured. They were ever trembling with apprehension lest their last treasure, the one in whom they had garnered up their tried hearts, should be snatched from their devoted care. As the feebleness she had manifested in infancy passed away, and her strength and health increased, their pride of her great beauty and early development of superior endowment was checked by the scarce defined and perhaps superstitious dread that such attributes usually belong to those who are not long dwellers on earth. Yet they were most careful to cultivate every talent—to develope and direct every good tendency of her noble nature—to implant and cherish every high and holy principle. Their care for her was their greatest delight, and rich was the harvest which repaid their unwearying endeavors. Life was all joy, all brightness to her; but not the reckless, thoughtless joy which so often characterizes the young. Her loving nature rejoiced in the tenderness which surrounded her; her cultivated mind found enjoyment in the delicate blossom and unfolding bud, in the glorious heaven sown with stars, in the soul-stirring and soul-expressing works of art, in the gush of music, the upward flight of poesy; and she rejoiced in all as the rich and kindly gifts of her Father in heaven. Each was to her spirit a messenger from Him; each was to her apprehension a token and an emblem of that love which is "the synonym of God." Of Him and His works she sought ever to know more; but her chief delight was in all which could teach her of the spirit which He had created. From the abstruse dogmas and glimpses of light left by heathen sages, to the latest theories of spiritual attraction and manifestation, each was to her a new fountain of delight; and from these studies she learned to reverence her fellow, not with man's judgment, but as

the creature of the Father of Spirits. She learned thence, too, to feel and evidence that benevolence which is His nature.

Nor had a year in the world, her first year in society, turned her from the "even tenor of her way." She was the "observed of all observers," admired by all, and loved by those who were in any degree intimate with her; and she truly enjoyed society; but it was not first with her; in her well-balanced mind it retained its true position.

On the evening of her seventeenth birth day she was sitting alone in her own study, as her friends playfully styled it, for many tasteful and well-filled book-cases were ranged upon the walls; some splendid pictures, too, were hung between them; a few exquisite pieces of statuary were there, as well as several very fine instruments of music; and the open windows showed a beautiful collection of plants and flowers in the conservatory beyond. It had been the delight of her idolizing father to surround her with all which could gratify her exquisite sense of the beautiful; and the tasteful hand and noble heart of her devoted mother had, one year before, given the finishing touch to the apartment which should, from that day, belong to their Lilian, when she sought solitude or thought. After a truly happy birth-day passed with her parents and a loved friend, Bessie Maitland, who had for some months been their intimate friend, Lilian had withdrawn to her quiet room, intending to enjoy half an hour with a book. Eight o'clock found her still lingering over the volume she had selected, and she was so absorbed in its thoughts that she did not hear the opening door, nor the bounding step of the radiant, fairy-like girl who entered, nor even feel her breath upon her cheek, until she exclaimed a little petulantly, "Oh, Lilian, how can you sit here theorizing upon another world, when you ought to be preparing for enjoying the present one!"

"Oh, Bessie, are you dressed already? are you not rather early?"

Bessie pointed to the time-piece, and replied, "Eight o'clock is not a great deal too early to be dressed, is it Lilian?"

"Pray forgive me, Bess; I assure you I did not know it was so late."

"I believe it most devoutly, dear Lily; you may spare all assurances upon that point; you 'take no note of time' when your darling philosophy is concerned."

"Then, dear, the rest of the quotation is not applicable, for my philosophy as you call it, is not 'loss' of time to me, but great gain; and now I will promise to make a most *dispatchful* toilet."

"Stop a moment, Lilian, and come to the confessional. I do really believe you would rather stay at home and finish your book than go to Mrs. Lansing's party. Don't hesitate so, Lilian; be brave; tell the truth, would you not, if you were not afraid of being laughed at?" Lilian's cheek flushed for a moment, but she replied very gently, "No, Bessie, I would rather go."

"If your truth were not always so far above suspicion, Lily, I should find much temptation to doubt you; indeed, I'm afraid I should 'be tempted above what I could bear.'"

Lilian laughed gaily and shook her finger at Bessie, who continued, "I don't quite understand you about this matter, Lilian; you always go so cheerfully and unhesitatingly, yet you do not appear to like them."

"Why do you think so?" said Lilian; and for the first time she seemed disturbed.

"Because you show no eagerness to go or prepare, unless it is a musical party, or, worse yet, a talking party; but make your arrangements and go as quickly as you would dress for dinner at home, with your dear, good father and mother and me. You have none of the enthusiasm and earnestness which you manifest about your books, and the two or three old philosophers, to whose abstractions you listen with as devoted eagerness as other girls do to their lovers or flatterers."

"Do you not listen attentively, too, Bessie?"

"Certainly I do, Lilian, but I would not stay at home from a party in order to do so, and I believe you gladly would."

"If you mean, Bessie, that the conversation of our dear friends, or a book like this 'Theory of another Life,' would give me a much more elevated species of enjoyment than any which the *party itself* could bestow, you are right."

"Why, then, would you rather go to the party, as you said just now?"

"Because, Bessie, a higher enjoyment, a higher *duty* disposes me to go."

Bessie's beautiful blue eyes were very perceptibly enlarged, but she did not speak, and Lilian continued: "Remember, Bessie, that for this power of enjoyment of the highest kind of which our natures are capable, I am entirely indebted to the unbounded indulgence, the untiring care of my dear father and mother. You know, too, that they are of very social natures; they love society; and their enjoyment of it would be much lessened if they could not see there, as well as at home, their only child—the child to whom they deny nothing. I know, too, dear Bessie, that they feel intense enjoyment in the kindness which their old friends and acquaintances bestow on the one so dear to them; and I must be deeply selfish if I were not very happy to contribute to their pleasure at so very small a sacrifice to myself; and I assure you I am very much happier after going with them, than I could be if I suffered them to go without me, or to remain at home with me."

"I am sure you do, dearest Lilian, and I love and honor you for it; but do not publish your views, dearest, for I could not bear to hear you called a blue-stocking."

"I was just going to ask you to refrain from publishing what I have said, not because I think I should thus incur imminent risk of the honorary title to which you refer, but because I should be very unwilling to have my father and mother suppose I enjoy the balls and parties in any degree less than they wish I should; and I really do enjoy them quietly, Bessie, for I always find some agreeable person, or see or hear somebody or something truly interesting."

"Depend upon it, I shall not shock dear, good Mrs. Raeburn by unveiling a grey head upon green shoulders; but I am far from feeling confident that you would not be dubbed blue-stocking, if I should tell about your prosing book."

"Don't abuse the book, Bessie; wait till you read it; it is one after your own heart."

"Yes, of a Sunday."

"Bessie!"

"Or, at all events, when I am not going to a party, when my head is full of Strauss."

"You forget that I do not enjoy dancing as you do; I am never so active; and you will like the book fully as well as I do when the dancing mood is off; so you shall not have it until then."

"Thank you for your leniency, and in return I will sit down and wait for you until you have finished the last line of the last page."

"No, indeed, Bess, I am in no hurry to arrive at that point; the thoughts are so beautiful, so elevated, so fascinating, that I thirst continually for more, and more, and more, while I dread arriving at the termination of so rare and delightful an enjoyment; so, with your leave, I will put away my book, and stop no longer for what I like almost as well, a chat with you; but run off and dress very quickly, so that papa and mamma will not be obliged to wait."

"Let me go with you and play apprentice to good old nurse, who would not think of admitting a journeyman near the curls to which she appears to think her seventeen years' brushing and curling has given her as good a title as that possessed by the head they grow on."

By the time Mr. and Mrs. Raeburn expected her, Lilian appeared, simply yet tastefully arrayed; and when, at some turn in the dance, she caught the proud, gratified look of her father, and the tender, happy glance of her mother, she was repaid for the sacrifice; nay, she felt that she had made none; she had gratified her heart rather than her intellect.

One fine morning, soon after this conversation, Mr. Raeburn accompanied his family to an exhibition of a small but remarkably fine collection of pictures and statuary, belonging to a gentleman, whose great wealth enabled him to gratify his unusually correct taste, by giving to his countrymen an opportunity to become familiar with a few exquisite specimens of the genius of other lands and other days. After looking at some pictures of less interest, they stopped before "Retsch's Game of Life." They were gazing upon it with absorbed and silent attention, for each felt that life, its relations, and consequences, were laid bare before them, when a fine manly voice, saying, "Pray speak to me before you look at it; you will never do so if I suffer you to begin to study it," caused each to turn with a start towards the speaker.

"Frank Elmwood!" exclaimed Mr. Raeburn, "you in town and have not been to see us!"

"But I should have been at your house now, sir, had I not seen you enter here, when I made all exertion to get rid of a business friend, and followed you in; and as I arrived in town but two hours since, I hope I am ab-

solved," said Frank Elmwood. The words were addressed to Mr. Raeburn, but his glance of inquiry to Lilian. If a bright blush and beaming smile were assurance of absolution, then was he fully satisfied.

Frank Elmwood had, during the preceding summer, found himself domesticated with Mr. Raeburn and his family at the country-house of a mutual friend. In the intimacy which naturally results from the unrestrained intercourse of country life, congeniality of disposition, perfect accordance in principle, and similarity of taste and pursuit had made Frank and Lilian better known to each other during their two months' abode at Mr. Goodwin's, and the six following weeks passed in travelling through the most interesting and beautiful portions of the northern states, than years of city acquaintance would have effected. Each had begun to be sensible that perfect satisfaction could not exist for either until the accordance of the other in the scene or sentiment demanding it had been obtained, when one morning at breakfast a letter was handed to Frank Elmwood, telling him of the severe and dangerous illness of his only sister in one of the southern states. He had scarcely time to bid a hurried farewell, ere the departure of the cars in which he commenced his journey southward. During the months which he had passed beside the sick couch of his sister, and in a voyage which, under his devoted care, had restored her to her usual health, he had felt that henceforth his life was bound up with Lilian's—that if he were to hope for happiness, with her, and from her, it must come. He hastened to meet her on his arrival, hoping, yet with much apprehension, that this was not the one point on which he and Lilian should begin to differ. He was not sorry that his unexpected appearance and address enabled him to see that he was not unwelcome to her, and she was soon leaning on his arm, listening to and sympathising with his high-toned and pure criticism. They had lingered some time before a thrilling and noble picture of "Gertrude Von Der Wait beside her Dying Husband," and Lilian had, at Frank's request, repeated Mrs. Heman's touching lines, from which it was painted, with a kindling eye and a tone whose deep pathos showed how fully she appreciated and accorded with the writer, when Frank said, "Can woman love thus?"

"Oh, yes! believe me, it is ever thus, nobly, devotedly, that woman loves!"

"Can you love thus, Miss Raeburn?"

He felt the hand upon his arm tremble, a burning blush covered her very brow, the eye which had been raised to his drooped beneath his earnest gaze, as she answered in very low tones, "If ever I should love, I think it would be thus."

In a tone equally subdued, he continued, "And will you love me thus, dearest Lillian?"

Lillian spoke no word then; but after he had poured out to her his heart's history—after she felt assured that she was dear to him even as he was to her, she blessed him with the tender words, the sweet promise he sought; and one hour after that, when the other members of the party found them in the little cabinet where they were resting, Lillian Raeburn was the affianced wife of Frank Elmwood.

Years passed away, and each seemed to add to Lillian's happiness. New cares, new duties developed other and higher traits in her character. She delighted to surround her husband with those who could appreciate and sympathize with him, and his abundant means allowed them to cultivate all the elegant pursuits of earlier years. Their house was the favorite resort of men of elevated and cultivated taste, of high and pure principle, and in the society of such their children, though very young, were at home. One evening Lillian, according to her usual custom, had sent for them all to come to the drawing-room, that they might be ready to welcome their father on his return to tea, and was caressing a lovely joyous infant, while a noble-looking boy of four years was mounted upon an ottoman playing with her curls, listening very eagerly to his favorite song, which his mother and the elder children were singing for him, when the door opened and Mr. Elmwood entered. The children ran to meet him, and with them clinging about him he made his way to their mother's chair, and received his little Lily in his arms. Though he caressed it fondly, and kissed them all with perhaps more than his usual tenderness, he was silent, and Lillian saw from his compressed lip and burning cheek that he was suffering. She soon dismissed the children, then stepped softly to his side, and putting her arm around him, said, "What is it, Frank?"

Frank clasped his hands over his face and gasped, "I cannot tell you, Lillian!"

"Yes, dear Frank, you can, you *will* tell your Lily."

Her husband withdrew his hands from his

face, placed them upon her shoulders, held her from him, gazed into her eyes with a look so haggard, so wild, yet so imploring, that Lillian was terrified.

"You could not bear it, Lillian, yet you *must* hear it."

"I can bear all, anything, dear Frank, but to know that you are suffering so terribly and that you do not allow your own Lily to share your sorrow."

"Would that you need not, Lillian, my own precious wife; it is the thought of you that unmans me thus. How can I bear that you, my glorious Lillian, should know poverty?"

"By remembering how much I prefer sharing that with you, to enjoying untold wealth without; and now tell me all."

And the agitated husband did tell her that not poverty alone was their lot, but disgrace, dishonor attached to the hitherto spotless names of her husband and her father, through the flagrant dishonesty and rascality of the third partner in their house, who, with almost unprecedented duplicity, had managed to retain the full confidence of both, until the day that he absconded with all the available funds and papers belonging to them.

Before they left that tasteful apartment, the scene of so much of their happiness, many hours of the night passed, while they were planning for the future; and so gentle, yet so potent had been Lillian's influence upon her husband, that he listened calmly as she said, "In our snug little house, remember, Frank, it will be *home* still, with our one *servant*; I shall teach the girls to be capital housekeepers; they shall help us teach the little ones, and we can readily carry out ourselves the plan of education we had commenced for them; and, if advisable, I will associate three or four of their young companions with them, until you can again do without me."

"That will never be, my treasure; for, much as I have loved you, I never knew your value until now."

Frank Elmwood soon felt that his home *was* in his new abode. His children, cautioned by Lillian, carefully abstained from allusion to their privations while in his presence; and Lillian, though her toilet was much less costly than formerly, had never appeared to him so beautiful or so elegant; her smile of welcome was brighter, her hours more cheerful than ever. The same high principle which had enabled her to bear prosperity so meekly, converted adversity into positive blessing.

"How you have changed since your marriage, dear Lilian!" said Bessie, now Mrs. Norton, as on entering her friend's morning room a few months after, she found her industriously repairing some article belonging to her little boy's wardrobe, while the sturdy urchin himself was leaning on her knee, deep in the mystery of c-a-t, cat, d-o-g, dog."

"Certainly, Bessie, eighteen and thirty-two are not very near neighbors; there's time enough between them to admit of an abundant crop of grey hairs, and something more than a suspicion of crow's feet."

"Nonsense, Lilian; you know very well I was not thinking of such matters; besides, whatever suspicion of crow's feet may possibly exist in some envious minds, you know the reality is far enough in the future; and if there be any grey hairs, they are like the two grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff, undiscernably hidden by their raven companions."

"Yet there must be a very perceptible alteration, dear Bess, or you would have scarcely announced it to me so emphatically the moment you opened the door."

"Yes, you are not our drooping lily of the valley now. You have become our noble regal lily. Look in the glass there, Lilian, just opposite, and you will never venture to pretend that you are less lovely now than when you selected Frank Elmwood from your crowd of lovers."

"I'll take your word for it, Bess, for I am quite willing to appear lovely to one whom I wish to love me; but pray do not keep me longer in suspense; what is the mighty change to which you referred just now?"

"I scarcely know; but when I heard little Frank conning his lesson, I could not help thinking how differently life must appear to you now from what you supposed it in your youth. When I remember your love for the poetical and beautiful, and that your studies were ever of the elevated and spiritual, I think it must be a new and not very improving chapter in life to be patching elbows and teaching spelling."

"You say truly, Bessie, that my present is a new chapter in life, but I trust not altogether an unimproving one. Every successive change of outward circumstance is a new chapter in our experience of life, and each ought to assist us in our progress in whatsoever things are pure and lovely; for that purpose they are sent."

"May be so, Lily; but how do you make

out that your present avocations are more conducive to such progress than those of a more spiritualizing and elevating tendency?"

"My present position *must* be the best possible one for me, because it is given me by Him who doth all things well and in love; and although my earlier pursuits were of a more exalted nature than patching and spelling, I am not sure that the *tendency* of the latter is not quite as improving as the other."

"Oh, Lilian! Lilian! you can't really think so!"

"Don't be so very much shocked, dear Bessie, but let us inquire what is the end of our being, and then perhaps we shall see that, however unlike the two modes of life, they may both lead, by different roads, to the same end."

"How so, Lily?"

"How did the noble and glorious studies of former years improve us, Bessie?"

Bessie sat silent and thoughtful for a few moments, and then said in a more timid tone, "Don't you think they expanded our minds, Lily?"

"Certainly I do, Bessie; 'they'—"

"You cannot possibly pretend that spelling and sewing have the same effect," interrupted Bessie.

"Not directly, I must confess," said Lilian, laughingly; "but let us go back a little, and see how they were of so great benefit to us. Was it not by teaching us the true objects, purpose, and results of life—by inducing us to strive after something purer, holier than its mere externals—communion with, and conformity to the Father of our spirits?"

"Oh, yes, dearest," said Bessie, while her cheek flushed and a tear stole gently from her downcast eye, "and I did feel then as if I were not all of the earth, earthy. We *did* then some times commune with the pure and holy realities which now seem so far removed from us. Oh, dear Lilian, you *must* feel that those were better, holier days than these, so wasted in trivialities!" and she threw her arm around Lilian, and bent her head upon her shoulder.

Lilian passed her hand caressingly over Bessie's bowed head, raised the soft light curls, and pressed a kiss full of tenderness on the fair brow of the weeper. "Dearest Bessie, would you consider your days wasted in trivialities ('important, trivialities' I once heard them called by one of the most elevated and cultivated women I ever knew), if you

could feel that they deepened your conviction of the close connection existing between the Father of Spirits and the creatures of His hand—of His loving-kindness (is not that a beautiful word, Bessie?) and of your dependence upon Him?"

"But, Lilian, how can they do this?"

"Dear Bessie, do you not suppose there are many things distasteful to me in my present mode of life?"

"Then you would not really prefer patching, after all?"

"If you mean that I have no particular taste for patching, you are right, dear Bess; still, under present circumstances, I would rather do it than not; for, in looking over some years of trial, I can trace so clearly the kind and tender hand of a Father, destroying hurtful illusions, correcting wrong feelings, teaching me, through sorrow and suffering, sympathy for my brethren, and showing me that by compassionate tenderness we may bind up the broken hearts and reclaim the erring and wandering, that I can be not only patient, dear Bessie, but grateful that He, in much kindness, has opened to me a new, is it not a better, chapter in life?"

Bessie replied not, save with sobs, and her friend continued: "The necessity for self-denial forces to that control of the spirit which finally elevates us above trial; and if these every-day occurrences lead to increase of 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith,' those 'fruits of the spirit,' are they not true spiritualizers? and said I not rightly, that their tendency is as improving as that of the most ennobling studies?"

"But, dear Lilian, I have never thought

trouble improved me; on the contrary, it makes me feel discontented and ruffled. While I look back with longing to our free and happy days, when we were not tied down by care, I do not see how you can avoid it, Lilian."

"I will tell you, dear, why I think we do not feel just alike on this point. You have not hitherto recognized that these lessons, too, are manifestations of the same power and love which formed the spirit and controls the universe. If you will take this for your key, dear Bessie, you will find it will unlock many a mystery, and brighten many a dark-seeming hour. Will you not think of it, dear friend?"

"I will indeed, dearest Lilian, most thankfully. I have always thought I ought to be patient under trouble, but I never for a moment supposed that privation of what we most prize could be a better blessing; but I begin to believe it may be so."

And so in truth Lilian had found it, not for herself alone; her husband and children, too, had better, truer, higher views of life and its responsibilities than unbroken prosperity could give: and when, at the end of three years, Frank Elmwood announced the successful termination of a lawsuit which would restore their rightful property and position in society, a sensation of apprehension mingled with the thanksgiving which burst from the mother's heart and lips—apprehension lest the trials of prosperity might be less purifying, less ennobling to the dear ones around them, than those which, to them who regard the external only, appear so much more unendurable.

A. E. W.

STAZAS.

Les fleurs de la vie sont pour toujours jétus derriere moi.—D. STAEL.

FLOWERS of life can never wither,
E'en midst anguish and despair;
Still some hope the soul may gather
If the light of faith be there.

Passion's dreams may all have perished,
Fled like morning dew from flowers—
Love's bright hopes may all have vanished—
Truth and beauty still are ours.

Nature has her countless teachings—
Skies their starry lore above—

Doth to man this lesson speaking,
"Trust His wisdom—trust His love!"

Life's dark hours are full of lessons,
If the heart but read aright;
Earnest hearts and patient seekers
Draw from them a heavenly light.

Flowers of life will bloom in beauty,
If the heart to truth be given,
Casting o'er the path of duty
Fragrance like to that of heaven.

North Branford, July 17.

ECHO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

"BELIEVE it not, dear child, believe not the fable of the poets, that the modest Echo was ever a fond wooer of the vain Narcissus, or a babbling betrayer of her goddess; for never yet has she shown herself to mortal, never yet came a sound from her mouth first. But listen, while I tell you the true history of Echo.

"Harmony, the daughter of Love, was an active assistant of Jupiter in his work of creation. Like a true mother, she gave out of her own heart to each dawning existence a sound, a tone, which pervades and holds together its entire being, and unites it with all its kindred existences. Her powers were at last exhausted by her labors, and as by birth she was only half immortal, she must now with life part from her children. How it touched her, this separation! Praying, she bent before the throne of Jupiter, and said, 'Mighty divinity, let my form disappear from among the gods; but let feeling and sensibility still remain to me; separate me not from those to whom, out of my own bosom, I have given being. Although invisible, I would be near them, so that each sound of pain and of joy which happily or unhappily I have bestowed upon them, I may feel and participate with them.'

"'And what would it profit thee,' said the god, 'if, unseen, thou shouldst share their misery, and still be without the power to assist them, or to become visible to them in any manner, for the last is denied thee by the irrevocable decree of Fate?'

"'Let me be permitted but to answer them; let me, though unseen, be able only to repeat the sounds of their hearts, and the soul of the mother will be soothed.'

"Jupiter softly touched her, and she disappeared; she became the shapeless, universal Echo. When a sound is heard from her children, sounds then the heart of the mother; she repeats to every creature, to every kindred existence, the sound of pain and of joy, with the consonance of a musical string. Even the hard rock is pierced by her, and the lonely forest animated; and oh! how often, tender mother, thou shy inhabitant of solitude and silent groves, hast thou reviv'd me in them, far more than in the dreary circle of the tuneless and irresponsible hearts of my fellow men. With soft compassion thou givest me back my sighs, however forsaken and desolate I may be, yet at each of thy broken tones I feel that an all-pervading, all-uniting mother, knows me, hears me."

THE LIFE OF THE FLOWERS.

FROM GEBAUER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

THE Earth is a gentle mother. She loves all her children truly and warmly, but with especial tenderness she fosters and cherishes the flowers. When Autumn passes over gardens, fields, and meadows, to herald the approach of Winter, then, that they may not suffer from his stern severity, she calls them back to her maternal bosom, there to let them rest and

slumber until the warm hand of Spring lures them forth again to renewed delight. The fountains then gush merrily forth to greet them; the birds welcome them with their gayest notes; the sun smiles upon them and kisses them; and the winds sportively caress them through the long day, and at night rock them into sweet slumber. The bees and but-

terflies woo for their favor, and the man of gentle heart bends fondly over them, for they have left the home of their mother, beautifully adorned, and arrayed in various colors, and daily she sends the sweet dew to preserve their beauty fresh and spotless.

They, delighted with the kindness of their mother, with the friendliness of man, and with the presence of the little winged creatures, cannot, speechless as they are, express their joy and gratitude in tones; they scatter then abroad the sweet perfume of their honied

cup. And what fairer tribute could they offer to their mother, what greater joy and solace to sympathizing man, and to the throng of winged insects who so delight in their presence? Thus they enjoy their gay and cheerful existence, as highly favored by the elements of heaven, as loved by their mother earth. And when, for a due season, they have rejoiced and given joy to others, they return, to await the coming Spring, to the abode of their expecting mother.

THE TRIUMPH OF MUSIC.—AN ODE.

(2 Kings, iii, 12-15.)

I.

THREE kings before the Prophet stood,
And meekly for his counsel sued;
But of the royal suppliants, two,
Full well the holy Prophet knew,
Though forc'd to ask his guiding word,
Despis'd the Prophet and his Lord.

II.

He car'd not, in his righteous scorn,
How high their state, how lowly born,
And, silent, would have turn'd away,
But Judah's king, less vile than they,
Though leagued to humble Moab's pride,
Had ne'er his fathers' God denied;
Nor e'er had bow'd at other shrine
Than that his fathers own'd divine.
A prince so generous and so true,
The seer was loath should perish too;
Snatch'd must he be from threat'ning doom,
Nor find in Edom's wilds a tomb.

III.

"Bring me the minstrel! Let him stand
And touch the harp with skilful hand!"
And straight his hand the minstrel flings
Gracefully o'er the trembling strings.

IV.

Soft as vernal zephyrs rise,
Fit to soothe and tranquilize,
Mild as moonlight on the main
Floats the clear and silvery strain;
Like a fountain's languid hum,
Whose murmurs heavily, drowsily come,
As it purls across its pebbly bed,
Beneath the bending willow's shade.

V.

Now in cadence sad and slow,
 Plaintively the numbers flow;
 Wandering, wild, and strangely pleasing,
 All the springs of passion seizing,
 Like a spirit's thrilling wail,
 Borne upon the fitful blast,
 When the maiden's cheek turns deadly pale,
 And the startled traveller shrinks aghast.

VI.

But livelier soon the measure bounds,
 Lighter the flying finger bounds,
 And wakes a lay
 So brisk and gay,
 A hermit's lagging blood 'twould quicken;
 Like the spirit-stirring note
 From the trumpet's brazen throat,
 When the brave their lives devote,
 And rush where dangers thicken.

VII.

But hark! the minstrel strikes a heavier tone,
 The lowest, deepest, gravest chords upon;
 Slowly and grandly, how it rolls along,
 A full, majestic, swelling tide of song!
 So the pent waves, when once the barrier rock
 No longer can sustain the mighty shock,
 At once, precipitate, down, tremendous pour,
 With thundering, sullen, deep, and long resounding roar!

VIII.

Hold, minstrel, hold thy hand! he speaks!
 From his long trance the prophet breaks;
 Gazing intent, with upward eye,
 Dissolv'd as 'twere in ecstasy.
 A heavenly influence inspires;
 He kindles with diviner fires;
 He bids the waiting kings dismiss their fear,
 And tells the glorious triumph they shall share.

IX.

Hail! heavenly art! whose potent spell
 Can bid tumultuous passion cease;
 The tempest of the soul can quell,
 And whisper peace.
 Should mine be e'er those sombre hours,
 When passion madly overpowers,
 Oh! for some friendly hand to roll
 A flood of music o'er my soul!
 So, sooth'd to rest, like him of old,
 Shall my rapt spirit rise,
 In holy calm, prepar'd to hold
 High converse with the skies.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

This lovely spot is becoming more and more, a chosen retreat for our citizens. To the extraordinary natural beauty of the place, which one can scarcely imagine could be surpassed, the hand of art, directed by the affectionate living for their cherished dead, is daily adding some new architectural feature, or tasteful emblem of sorrowing affection. As rapidly, indeed, as workmen and materials can be had, the labor of finishing avenues and walks, of enclosing lots, of building vaults and monuments, is urged on; and, extended as the grounds are, it seems probable that in a very few years the whole will be enclosed in convenient plots for the use of families, and societies, and covered with monuments to the departed.

We think it one of the most commendable of modern improvements, this providing of suitable grounds for the interment of the dead, out of the city far enough to escape the encroachments by which nearly all our old burying grounds have been desecrated, by the erection of dwellings upon them, and the opening of streets through them. How often, in the growth of New York, have the best, and tenderest and most sacred feelings and associations of the heart been shocked, by the invasion of our forefathers' graves, to make way for some building speculation, or some public improvement. We have seen several threatening, but very natural excitements in the city, occasioned by such desecrations. No man capable of human affections and memories, can or ought to contemplate the disturbance of the dead without strong emotions, without a sickening shock to his sensibilities. Against such a contingency, Greenwood Cemetery appears to be effectually protected. When we deposit a friend there, it is under an assurance that his slumbers shall be unbroken by the march of improvement, and the swell of population; that he shall sleep on till summoned by the trump of the Archangel to meet his God at the Judgment. There too, in anticipation of our own death, it is some consolation to know while selecting our resting place, that we may repose undisturbed. This Cemetery also, while sufficiently distant to escape encroachment, is yet near enough to be easy of access for funerals, and to allow mourners occasionally to visit the graves of relatives

who may have been interred there. It is so near at hand, that persons inclined may visit it, and after examining it, return with but a small expenditure of time, and we may hope a large gain, as regards the state of the heart.

We could not but reflect when we saw, as we lately did, some hundred or two of people walking, thoughtful and serious, amid these monuments of death, that the moral influence of such scenes and associations, as this place presents, must be of a salutary character, must tend powerfully to check the levity so common to the heart, yet so incompatible with our dignity and our enduring interests. An hour or two taken from the feverish race for wealth, or fame, or pleasure, and appropriated to a visit here, must often diminish the force of the belittling influences of things temporal, and impress us with the nearness and reality, and superior importance, of things eternal. Every hillock, every stone, every tree, every flower blooming or withering on the grave, preaches to the visitor, and forewarns him that he, too, must die and return, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." The solemn stillness of the place, broken only by the tolling death-knell, or by the slow and measured tread of the funeral train, reminds us of that profound silence, in which all our senses are soon to be wrapped, and from which no din of worldly care, no alarm of war, no gleeful laugh of the pleasure-loving throng, shall awake them.

A correspondent, whose contributions have often enriched the Parlor Magazine, gives us her impressions of a portion of the scenery of this lovely spot, the result of a recent visit to Greenwood. "It was a sunny day, the air was soft and salubrious, the atmosphere perfectly clear, bringing near the distant objects which formed, in every direction, a perfect panorama of natural beauty. At the entrance of the ground, stands a unique, remarkably neat log-cabin, evidently built with great care, yet presenting the same rusticity of appearance, that might mark a cabin in the Western wilderness. A feeling of solemnity pervaded my mind, as, for the first time, I entered this sacred place. The route was circuitous, but delightful. As we rode along, we were struck with the refined taste, the graceful simplicity of the monuments, and the fences enclosing them. The unevenness of the ground, gave a plea-

sing variety. Now, upon the summit of some rising hill, peered a marble column of the purest white; then, in a deep, dark valley, an humble slab, indicating the place where another sleeper reposed. The wild-wood lyres sent their low, whispering notes through the groves, as if numberless unseen spirits touched them, and every trembling leaf seemed to confess a 'presence and a power,' as of some invisible and awful influence. As we rode on and ascended an elevated plain, we could see, in the distance, the cities of Brooklyn and New York. And who could help drawing a contrast between the uproar of those busy haunts of men, and the calm serenity of this city of the dead. There, was the activity of life—here, the repose of death! There, avarice, selfishness and ambition reigned—here, they were laid at rest! Every conflicting passion was hushed; and all that remained of the once intelligent, moving multitude, was the little dust deposited beneath these monuments. We pursued the winding path until we came upon the hill which overlooks that beautiful pond, called 'Sylvan Water.' The view was enchanting. The leaves hung thick upon the trees, and occasionally, as the wind threw aside the branches, we could see the deep blue waters of the charming lake. A beautiful gondola lay floating upon it, sheltered by the neighboring hills from even the gentle wind that stirred the tops of the lofty trees. The surface of the lake was without a ripple. It lay calm and motionless, reflecting in its pellucid bosom, the surrounding forest and the cloudless sky. We turned from the spot with reluctance, and rode on towards the grave of Do-HUM-ME, the young Indian bride. Her history is well known. She lies buried here, far from her home, but I will not say far from the tombs of her race, for probably many an Indian has been interred where she now rests. Her grave was made in a mound, undoubtedly thrown up by the Aborigines, to mark the resting place of their chiefs. The husband of Do-Hum-me, has returned to his forest home, whence he doubtless often looks towards the rising sun, and with heartfelt grief remembers the grave of the loved lost one, in the strange land.

'Bring flowers, bring flowers for the early dead,
And bright be the beautiful wreath;
Scatter them round with a noiseless tread,
O'er the verdant sod of their green summer bed,
Fragrant with morning's pure breath.'

"We turned to an enclosure with but one

grave, and that a little one, perhaps the first-born of its parents. There is a white column to "MARY." Beauty reposes here—beauty once alluring, envied. Now the eye is dim, its light quenched; the rose is departed from the cheek, the dimples rest, the bosom is still, the hands clasped, the heart pulseless. Farther on, is a beautiful monument to poor McDONALD CLARK, the Mad Poet, as he is called, and we pause to wonder how strange is that disposition so common everywhere, to honor, when dead, those whom we neglected when living. Poor CLARK! Still further on, we paused by the side of an enclosure and read the names of a whole family of children, snatched from the parental embrace. One aged 1, another 3, another 7, another 16, another 20; and all dying within a short space of one another; the branches all struck off, while the trunk stands all bare to the pitiless storms of life."

But it were endless to particularise all the striking features of this remarkable place. Our object, in referring to Greenwood, was rather to direct attention to it, as a place of profitable resort, to those of our readers who may not yet have visited it. History tells us of a monarch, who required a servant to knock at his door every morning, and cry aloud "Remember, Philip, thou must die." And we have read of individuals who had their coffins made before they were dead, that they might, by beholding them, be made to think of their latter end. Such examples are founded in a strong propensity to forget death, a propensity common to us all, and we should guard against it. We should all be wiser and better prepared for death, if we were more in the habit of reflecting that it is a reality, which must soon overtake us. Let us, therefore, when we stand amid the graves of those who have preceded us in the march to the Land of Silence, reflect that the day, the hour is at hand when we must lie by their side, and be as they are, a handful of dust; and since no bribe can avail to purchase an hour's delay, let us see to it in season, that we are prepared, whenever the summons shall come, to obey without trepidation, on the one hand, or brutal insensibility, on the other.

There is a power which can make the graveyard a charmed spot, towards which the heart shall turn with yearnings like those of the tired traveller, when the fierce rays of a torrid sun have been bursting upon him, and he pants with weariness and thirst, and "longs

for a cooling stream at hand," or sighs for some shaded spot, or stretches his languid gaze that he may discern in the distance, a lodge to rest in for the night. Even thus desirable to the life-pilgrim, may the grave be rendered. But not by any or all the art of man, beautifying our tomb, surrounding it with Eden-like attractions, and scattering flowers, and providing soothing shades and placid streams and lakes, and exhausting in epitaph and eulogy all the wealth of language, and all the eloquence of love. All this and more, man may do, to beautify our grave, till the spot which is to receive our bodies, looks lovelier than the garden in which Adam received his breath from God, and paid his first

worship; and when all is done, it is but a grave, noisome, damp, dreary, till He, who is the Resurrection and the Life, descends to smooth the bed of the sleeper, to remove the sting of Death, which is Sin, to walk with us through the dark valley, and reveal peace and pardon through his blood to our souls. Let us never forget, even amid the soft and tranquillising beauties of Greenwood, that there is no repose in death anywhere, but through Him. And whether in this beautiful cemetery or elsewhere, we procure for our bodies a tomb, let us put the key of it into his hands, who has bereaved Death of its sting, and the Grave of its victory.

SARDIS.

(SEE PLATE.)

SARDIS, or Sardes, which our plate in the present number represents, owes its celebrity, with Christians, chiefly to its having been the site of one of the Seven Churches of Asia, referred to in the Revelation of St. John. Anciently it was the capital of Croesus, King of the Lydians, a prince whose vast wealth and great misfortunes occupy considerable space in ancient history. The modern name of the town is Sart; it is situated in Asia Minor, at the foot of the famous Mount Tmolus, having a spacious and delightful plain before it, watered with several streams that flow from the neighboring hill to the southeast, and with the celebrated river Pactolus rising from the same, on the east, and increasing with its waters the stream of Hermus, into which it runs.

Sardis is now quite a small village, though still of some importance as a resting-place for the caravans that come from Persia to Smyrna bringing silk. The inhabitants are principally shepherds, whose numerous flocks feed on the neighboring plains. The ancient Sardis, when under the Persian government, was a magnificent city, and a great market for slaves. Five hundred years before Christ, the Greeks conquered and burned it. It was rebuilt, and again destroyed by an earthquake. It was again built up by Tiberius.

Considerable ruins still remain to remind us

what Sardis once was, before earthquake and the sword visited it with desolation. The Turks have a mosque here, which was formerly a Christian church, and some few Christians live here, working in gardens and such like drudgery.

The reproach of Sardis, as recorded in the book of Revelation, was its declension from vital religion. It had a name to live, but was dead, and in due time the appropriate punishment of lukewarmness and formality came upon it, and it stands a monument of the sin and folly of departing from truth and duty, and of lightly esteeming the day of privilege and salvation.

In this point of view, the history of the seats of the Seven Churches of Asia is replete with awakening incidents. As we pass over that once highly enlightened and greatly favored region, and remember with what saving power the Gospel formerly reigned there, and contrast their present fallen, desolate, dreary condition, we do well to mark the example, and fear lest we, through neglect of our day of merciful visitation, shall incur a similar withdrawal of the Spirit of Grace. Of all calamities that can befall an individual or a community, the greatest and most to be dreaded is abandonment by the Holy Spirit. The teachings of history, on this subject, are most impressive and solemn.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

BLEST be the art which preserves, more faithfully than the fondest memory, the features of the loved and the lost! I stood again before the portrait of Clara Melford—again gazed upon that form in the full perfection of youthful loveliness—upon that beautiful face, radiant with hope and joy. I recalled the memory of those days in which that portrait was taken, and the incidents, trifling as they were, which had occurred, as I had attended her in her sittings to the young artist. As I had seen Mrs. Melford array young Clara, and try the effect of one costume after another, troubled to decide, as all seemed to derive attraction from her surpassing beauty, I had muttered to myself, “the child must be spoiled!” but the merry tones of her sweet, ringing laugh at some awkward contrast or arrangement of the drapery, and the gay good-nature with which she rather submitted to, than joined in, her mother’s pains and plans for her decoration, gave me hope, and I thought, she will yet be saved. The pure spirit enshrined in that fair form will not be corrupted even by the gross incense offered. And then arose the image of the young painter as he grew, day after day, more interested in his work, more excited, alternately pale and feverish, in the presence of his original. I remembered the deep blush and the look, half coquettish, half timid, with which Clara complied with his request—“You will please look me in the eye one minute, Miss Melford,”—and the deeper flush which passed over the pale face of the artist, and the slight tremor of his hand. Has he ever forgotten those days? Has that vision of loveliness and beauty ever faded from his memory? Has that form been erased from his heart? He has long been a sojourner in a foreign land, but his works and his name are known. And when I see any of his exquisite delineations of female beauty, some expression, some feature always reminds me of the young Clara—of her whom he loved, but did not dare to woo until he had first won fame and fortune. Fame and fortune are his; but Clara, his own work, is all that remains of the object of his early idolatry; and like the artist of old, he

might well become enamored with the work of his own hands, for his picture was Clara—Clara as she was when it was painted, in the first blush of her joyous childhood, before sorrow or care had cast one dark shadow over her path, when her sky was pure, brilliant, and unclouded, and life long before her, a fairy vale bathed in the rich sunlight of hope.

And how beautiful she was!—the rich red lip—the round snowy arm—the small taper hand, and the eye—the eye! No, though love himself guided the hand, the painter could not do the eye justice. Habitually soft, pensive, yet when lighted up by joy or mirth, sparkling brilliantly, and each emotion of the soul passing over it like shadows over a field of grain. Fair as the brightest vision of the poet’s brain, and affectionate and talented as she was, still I never rejoiced over the sweet girl without indistinct fears and dark forebodings; and I sadly recalled them, and felt how fully they were realized, as I stood before the second portrait of Clara.

The first was Clara as she stepped from childhood, before the blight and stain of the world had fallen upon her—before she had taken one draught from that bitter cup which she afterwards drained. This was Clara, too, but Clara, the wife—the faded, saddened matron, faithful to the original as the first, but how different!—how different from the bright and sunny child, or the joyous, happy girl. The face, if less beautiful, was even more touching. The glad expression was gone. The lips were compressed, as if she had learned to subdue and repress her emotions. The eyes drooped and were pensive, as though they might easily be surcharged with tears, and the cheek was pale; but the fair brow was still pure and lofty; and if these features told a tale of sorrow, they spoke, too, of a peace which the world giveth not—of suffering which elevates and purifies the soul. The face bore the stamp of sweet, patient, uncomplaining grief; and yet the expression was so tender, so heavenly, that it soothed while it melted the soul. The attitude, the dress, the form, all showed the

change which had passed over her, and contrasted strongly with the first portrait. Her early figure gave a promise of almost voluptuous fullness. This had lost much of its grace and beauty in losing its youthful roundness, and the small hand was thin, almost emaciated. In the first, a gay and splendid dress displayed all that delicacy would permit of the youthful form of young Clara. A dark silk dress, closely fitted, covered the matron, and her still beautiful hair was arranged with almost Quaker simplicity and primness. He, who painted the first, had delighted to scatter around her music and flowers—to place in the distance the rich landscape. There were no ornaments around the second portrait. She held in one hand her Bible. It was her anchor; the truths it revealed, the promises it gave, her support, her consolation.

Poor Clara! victim of maternal vanity! Her proud and ambitious, although fond mother, felt that such surpassing loveliness and such high endowments ensured for her daughter the admiration and the love of man. To secure a proud and wealthy match became the great object of Mrs. Melford's solicitude. Her designs were easily penetrated, and attractive and ingenuous as was Clara, she was exposed to many a suspicion, many a sneer, as undeserved as bitter. Mrs. Melford centered her designs upon a Mr. Hammond, a gentleman of wealth and intelligence, and completely a man of the world. He was too shrewd not to penetrate the arts of the mother, and with much address he met and favored them. He could not but admire Clara. He almost loved her. He felt for her all the sentiment which a worldly, selfish man was capable of feeling; and, although he had at first justified himself for trifling with her heart, from the conviction that she was aiding her mother's plots, as he knew more of her, he absolved her from the unworthy motive, and, won even less by her beauty than by her purity and ingenuousness, had she possessed a fortune he would have preferred her before any other. Clara was awakened from her short dream by the intelligence of his marriage. She was surely disappointed; but the pride and the delicacy of woman came to her aid, and the energies of her character were rather roused than crushed by his desertion. Had her mother left her time to compose her mind, to attain peace, she would have overcome a sentiment she should no longer indulge, and her character would have been elevated and strengthened by the

trial. But Mrs. Melford felt the disappointment of her plans keenly, and she was anxious to hide from the world her deep mortification. She used every art to attract another admirer for Clara, and to hurry her into an engagement which was to hide her past disappointment; and Clara weakly, criminally suffered herself to accede to her mother's wishes. She encouraged the attentions of one to whom she was indifferent, and she plighted her faith to him even while she felt that she could not return his love. From that day she sealed her wretchedness. Her conscience upbraided her with her duplicity, and every expression of devoted fondness sent a pang through her heart. Young Waldron was noble, affectionate, and ardent. Indulging in all the visionary dreams of youth, it was his boast that he would never marry one whose heart had been another's. Passionately fond of Clara, he expected from her a full reciprocation of all the tenderness which he lavished upon her; and though her cold manner, the slow step with which she met him, the faint smile which illuminated her beautiful face, led him to fear that she hardly loved him as he wished to be loved, the thought that her heart might be another's never crossed his mind, while Clara, who bore the heavy burden of deceit, became habitually more pensive, more retiring.

The marriage was hastened both by the wish of the mother and the eagerness of the lover, and Clara, who seemed half stupified, quietly acquiesced in their arrangement. But, a few days before the one appointed, some circumstance drew from Waldron a passionate invective against the man who could be guilty of the folly of marrying a woman, whose heart he knew had once been given to another. When he turned to Clara for her approving glance and smile, he was surprised at the mute and sad expression of her marble face. For a moment she covered her face with her hands, and then the blood suffused cheek, neck, and brow, all that could be seen through her small fingers. Her voice trembled as she said, "I have a confession to make to you; yet I feel that I have not so much deceived you, as suffered you to deceive yourself. My heart has long reproached me. I do not love you as you would be loved, as you deserve to be loved; and while the confession that I have loved another releases you from our engagement, I entreat you to forgive me while you despise me!" And a burst of

bitter tears followed. For a moment Waldron seemed stunned. Agitated and trembling, he walked across the room, and then he paused and leaned over Clara, as, still weeping, she had laid her head on the table. "Clara," said he, "did you think it so easy for me to relinquish you—to give up all my hopes of earthly happiness? I may not feel happy with you, but I should be wretched without you. Our marriage day is at hand; let it not be deferred—that is," said he, and a sickly smile flitted across his features, "if you do not hate me." "You are too kind, too generous," sobbed Clara, "and my future life shall show that your confidence is not misplaced." And the next day, and the next, Clara's heart was lighter than it had been for months; and as she completed her bridal array, she felt pride and pleasure as she viewed the beautiful image her mirror reflected, and thought of the proud fond glance with which Waldron would greet her. Never had she seemed more lovely. Her heart was lightened, and returning hope restored the roses which had almost vanished. A deep sense of Waldron's generosity pervaded her heart, and she felt for him a warmer sentiment than she had ever hoped to be able to cherish. But the burden which Clara had flung from her heart had lodged heavily on his. When she spoke of dissolving the engagement, he thought only of losing her. When he saw her ready to fulfil it, he shrunk from the thought of marrying one whose heart had been—might it not now be?—another's. Conflicting emotions tortured him; but, had it not been from the fear of the world's dread laugh, he had probably resigned the beautiful, fascinating, and still idolized Clara. He saw but little of her until the marriage hour arrived, and then, though dazzled, entranced by her beauty, his heart sunk at the thought, "she loves me not!"

The brilliance and gaiety of the scene deepened his sadness. His pale and almost haggard face, his gloomy, overshadowed brow, and his cold, clammy hand, awoke the suspicion of Clara and the observation of the guests. It was too late to seek an explanation; but before the vow had been long spoken, the envied and admired bride would have given worlds could she have revoked it. His gloom overshadowed her soul, and her heart sunk with dark forebodings, with gloomy, prophetic fears.

From the hour of her marriage, Clara devoted herself to the duties of the wife. She

lived but for her husband. To consult his wishes, to promote his comfort, to add to his enjoyment, to strive to make, to live to see him happy, this became the object of her existence; but no sacrifice, no exertion excited his gratitude, or woke one pulse of joy in his heart. He argued, "Have I not given a full, a sufficient proof of the madness of my love by marrying her while she confessed that she had deceived me—that she loved me not? Shall I thank her for a devotion which it is her duty to exhibit?" He was gloomy, sad, if not sullen, and his manner grew habitually more cold, stern, and abrupt; while Clara, like the devotee of a false faith, to expiate her offence, was prompted to acts of self-sacrifice, which true love would never have offered. Waldron's moral vision was perverted, and he viewed all that Clara did with a distorted eye. If he saw her sad, she was pining over the past; if gay, she was forgetting the present; if she sought society, she was neglecting him; if she remained at home, she was indulging in a gloomy misanthropy. Her deportment was too faultless to give fresh occasion for jealousy; but stern and sad, he brooded over the past.

Poor Clara! Her health and spirits alike failed, and for awhile she sunk into a deep despondency. She was roused by higher motives, by holier considerations. She learned to look for a purer happiness than earth can give, for a higher reward than the love and kindness of her husband. She learned to imitate Him who went about doing good—who pleased not himself. She relaxed not in her duty as a wife, but she learned likewise to soothe the sick, to comfort the afflicted, to relieve the needy, to reclaim the vicious, to instruct the ignorant. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her. When the eye saw her, it blessed her, and Clara found a peace, a joy which the world giveth not, and which it taketh not away. But when, in the young heart, the springs of hope and joy are rudely broken, the powers of life seem to droop and fail; and Clara found her strength and health surely but slowly declining. Day after day, as she rigidly fulfilled her duties, she uttered no complaint, and she received no sympathy. There were times when human weakness almost overcame her, and she would have given worlds for one fond bosom on which she might have flung herself and wept out all her anguish. But then she bowed more lowly

before the throne of grace, and she was comforted and peaceful. Outward prosperity had attended her, and all that wealth and taste could bring embellished her home; but it seemed like the deserted palaces of fairy tales, for no sounds of joy or gladness awoke the echoes of those silent rooms; and while Clara watched and waited, she still dreaded her husband's coming, and her head sunk before the frown to which she was yet too well accustomed.

Waldron had so repressed all sympathy, all kindness for Clara, that he had hardly noticed her sure though slow decline. He was roused by the intelligence that she was dying. When he reached her chamber, life had departed; and then he felt one bitter burst of grief, and uttered one cry of remorseful agony, as he flung himself before that lifeless but still lovely form.

As soon as decency would permit, he married again, and, true to his early dream of a first love, he sought the hand of one scarcely past her childhood. The voices of her children were echoing through the house, and even as I turned from Clara's portrait, the second Mrs. Waldron met me with a look jealous and displeased. Pale and careworn from a too early marriage, and the cares and trials of a mother, what a contrast did her rapid and lifeless features present to Clara, the youthful beauty, or even Clara, the ill-requited wife!

One lesson has thy fate taught me, my early friend. The endowments and attractions which make a woman the admiration of the one sex, the envy of the other, seldom ensure her own happiness.

"THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

BY L. S. HALL.

BOUNTIFUL, willing, cheerful giver,
Thou, whose heart is open ever,
Always happy from thy store
With a generous hand to pour,
Whoso'er thou seest need,
Or dost hear the suffering plead;
All around thee, far and wide,
Like a deep o'erflowing tide,
Mercies large, and full, and free,
As thy Father prospereth thee,
Lend thy ear a moment, pray,
And attend my simple lay.
He, whose wealth like dew distils,
Crowning earth's ten thousand hills,
Treasured in her caverns deep,
Buried where volcanos sleep,
Filling ocean's spacious bed,
O'er the vast creation spread—
HE upon his throne has spoken,
And *His* word was never broken,
"Thou hast won the golden meed,
I will make thee rich indeed."
Thou, whose fervent love to *Him*
Waneth not nor groweth dim,
But to works of self-denial,
Painful toil, and bitter trial,
Leadeth thee with cheerful zeal,
Working out thy brother's weal—

Thou, whose soul doth overflow
Streams of love to friend or foe,
Pouring of thy choicest treasure
Without number, weight, or measure,
Counting all things here but loss,
Save what centres in the Cross,
Brilliant sun and stormy sky
Greetest thou with cheerful eye;
Anxious care thy mind doth flee;
GOD, THY FATHER, LOVETH THEE!
Happy ye, who know the bliss,
In a changeful world like this,
Of fulfilling plans to save
Worth, from an untimely grave!
Happy ye whose ardent zeal
Heart and hand will both unseal,
For thy brother's lasting good,
As thy pledge of gratitude!
Strewing gladness where it flows—
Conquering truth's malicious foes!
Generous spirits, happy ye!
Bounded not by land or sea,
Spurning every narrower clan
Than the brotherhood of man,
Imitating as you may
HIM WHO SMILETH, AND 'TIS DAY!
Happy ye! forgetting never
How HE LOVES A CHEERFUL GIVER!

THE VIOLET WOOD-SORREL.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC NAME—*Oxalis Violacea*.—Class X., *Decandria*.—Order V., *Pentagynia*.—Natural order—*Oxalideæ*.

Generic Character.—"Calyx permanent, five-parted or five-leaved, inferior: petals five, cohering by the claws: capsules five-celled, five-cornered, dehiscent at the corners: seeds two or more in a cell, covered with an elastic aril: stamens with five shorter; outer ones adhering at their bases."

Specific Character.—"Stemless: scape umbelliferous: pedicels sub-pubescent: flowers nodding: leaves ternate, obovate, glabrous: divisions of the calyx callous at the apex: styles shorter than the outer stamens."* The blossoms are purple, violet, or lilac color. The flower-stem is six or eight inches high, and the leaf-stem about two thirds that height. It is commonly found in damp situations, though sometimes on hill-sides among scattered trees. Blossoms in June.

Geography.—Plants of this Natural Order are "natives of all the hotter and temperate parts of the world, most abundantly known in America and the Cape of Good Hope, and most rarely in the East Indies and equinoctial Africa"† This particular species of the *Oxalis* is found in certain localities throughout the United States.

Properties.—Its general virtues are refrigerant and tonic. The *Oxalis acetosella* and the *Rumex acetosa* (common sorrel) are the plants generally supposed to contain Oxalic Acid in the greatest abundance, but the one under consideration probably contains as much as either, and in appearance, differs from the former only in its inflorescence—this bearing flowers in umbels, the other having a single flower upon the scape. "The leaves contain a considerable quantity of super-oxalat of potass, and have an extremely pleasant acid taste. They possess the same powers with the vegetable acids in general, and may be given in infusion, or beaten with sugar into a conserve, or boiled with milk to form an acid whey. The super-oxalat of potass is extracted in large quantities from them, and sold under the name of *Essential Salt of Lemons*.

"Twenty pounds of fresh leaves yielded to Neumann six pounds of juice, from which he

got two ounces, two drachms and a scruple of salt, besides two ounces and six drachms of an impure saline mass."*

"Oxalic acid is easily made artificially, by digesting sugar in five or six times its weight of nitric acid, and expelling the excess of that acid by distillation, until a fluid of the consistence of syrup remain in the retort.

"Many organic substances besides sugar, such as starch, gum, most of the vegetable acids, wool, hair and silk are converted into oxalic by the action of nitric acid. It is also generated by heating organic substances with potassa.

"Oxalic acid crystallizes in slender, flattened four and six-sided prisms, terminated by two-sided summits; but their primary form is an oblique rhombic prism. It has an exceedingly sour taste, reddens litmus paper strongly, and forms neutral salts with alkalis. The crystals undergo no change in ordinary states of the air, but when the atmosphere is very dry, slight efflorescence ensues. They are soluble without limit in boiling water, and, according to Christison, in eleven times their weight of cold water; but the solubility is increased by the presence of nitric acid. They are dissolved also in alcohol, though less freely than in water.

"Oxalic acid is one of the most powerful and rapidly fatal poisons which we possess; and frequent accidents have occurred from its being sold, and taken by mistake, for Epsom salts, with the appearance of which its crystals have some resemblance. These substances may be easily distinguished, however, by the strong acidity of oxalic acid, which may be tasted without danger, while sulphate of magnesia is quite neutral, and has a bitter saline taste. In cases of poisoning with this acid, chalk mixed with water should be administered as an antidote, an insoluble oxalate being formed, which is inert. Drs. Christison and Coindet have recommended the use of magnesia with the same intention.

"Oxalic acid is easily distinguished from all other acids by the form of its crystals, and by its solution giving with lime-water a white precipitate, which is insoluble in an excess of the acid."†

* Eaton.

† Lindley.

* Coxe's Dispensatory, p. 447. † Turner.

A curious case of poisoning (almost) by this article occurred in a drug store in the upper part of this city, a short time ago. The druggist was in the habit of frequently taking a soda powder, which he would manufacture at such time as he felt the need of it, by dissolving certain proportions of super-carbonate of soda and tartaric acid in water, with "trimmings," to suit the taste. His workman, thinking the example a good one, or at least a pleasant one, essayed to follow it; but instead of tartaric, he used oxalic acid. The druggist stepping in at the instant his man was restoring the jar of acid to its place, saw at a glance what had happened, and administered an emetic of sulphate of zinc just in time to save life.

This acid is frequently used for the purpose of taking ink spots out of linen; but tartaric acid answers the purpose better, and is far more proper to have about the house.

Remarks.—The generic name is derived from *oxys*, sharp, in reference to its acid juice. Its specific name refers to its violet flowers. There are several species of the *Oxalis*, some of which are very beautiful. They produce delicate flowers of various hues, as yellow, rose, red, white, variegated, vermillion, &c. The *Oxalis acetosella* is a pretty little native plant, bearing white blossoms, striped with purple or red. There is a South American

species which very nearly resembles the *violacea*, but the blossoms are less delicate and not as large, and are superior to ours only because they continue in blossom for a much longer period. We saw the Violet Wood-Sorrel blossoming abundantly last June, at Greenwood Cemetery, where everything is beautiful and lovely—where even the abode of death is dismantled of its usual terror and gloom, and where one might select his own burial-place with serenity of soul and with sacred, holy pleasure.

Sentiment.—Modesty combined with merit.

Though gaily dressed, with purple crowned,
And cherished by the great,
Thine eye is cast upon the ground,
As if in low estate.

Though beauty shines in every leaf,
Still thou dost seem to say,
My day is short—my summer brief—
Soon I must pass away.

In this a lesson thou dost give,
Thou shrinking, modest flower,
That man, like thee, should ever live,
Depending on that Power

That arched the sky and spread the seas;
That makes each flow'ret bloom;
Exalts us by His wise decrees,
Or sinks us to the tomb. NEMUS.

A MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION.

BY S. G. GOODRICH

I WAS on a long and weary journey in a foreign land. It was late at night when I reached a hotel in the populous city of P—. Overcome with fatigue, I retired early to bed, and was speedily wrapped in profound repose. After a space, I awoke suddenly from my sleep, and felt as if it were time to arise. But as it was perfectly dark, I again composed myself to slumber. After a space, I awoke once more, but still could not perceive even a ray of dawn. Everything was also hushed in the profoundest stillness. I was in the

heart of a busy city, and I lay sometime meditating upon the spectacle of a mighty metropolis, buried in darkness and wrapped in silence which bore the semblance of death.

I endeavored again to sleep, but every feeling of drowsiness had departed. My mind was perfectly awake, and in the repose of obscurity that encircled me, a thousand flitting fancies passed through my imagination. At last I became weary of thinking, and changing my position, courted the influence of the drowsy god. But it was all in vain. Ideas

came to my mind with the clearness of substantial realities; I thought of my journey—of the business which had brought me to P.—of the friends I had left behind—of the past and the future. Pleasures and cares, hopes and fears, passed and repassed in changeful succession before my mind.

My thoughts became burdensome, and I sprang from my bed, thinking that perhaps the shutters of my room were closed, and that it was really morning. I had taken no particular survey of the room, and was therefore obliged to feel my way to the window. I threw it up, and could perceive the fresh air; but the scene was wrapped in the most perfect obscurity. Not a light shone amid the city; not a star glimmered in the heavens. A pall of midnight enveloped every object, and silence, deep and death-like, brooded over the scene; an inexpressible feeling of solemnity, almost of awe, came over me, and the idea of perpetual night and everlasting silence crossed my mind.

My imagination was now wrought up to the highest pitch, and a suggestion, a fear crept over me that the sun had perhaps ceased in his course—that time had paused in his career—that the end had come, and that the universe had sunk into a rayless night of oblivion. I then thought to myself, "Am I left alone? Have all the myriad races of mankind passed away? Has the curtain of the mighty drama fallen and left me alone?" The idea was terrific, thrilling. I felt almost a sense of suffocation, and could only restore my composure by again breathing the fresh air at the window.

Once more I returned to my pillow, and after a short time fell into a troubled repose. At length I awoke suddenly, and fancied that I felt a slight vibration in my bed, as if some person had pushed cautiously against it. A moment after I felt, or fancied that I felt, a cold hand laid upon my forehead. I rose in my bed, but still not a visible ray of light illuminated my apartment—not a sound, not a breath disturbed the terrific silence. I gazed with intense energy on every side to see if I could not discover even the shadowy outlines of the windows of my room, of the furniture, or of some object around me. I listened till the effort was agonizing, to catch some fleeting sound; but all in vain!

"This is strange!" said I mentally. "Am I mad? Is my mind bewildered? Is this the dream of phrenzy; or is it all but nervous ex-

citement, the play of the imagination? Was that cold hand upon my forehead a reality or a dream?" The struggle in my mind became fearful; a cold perspiration sprang from my forehead, and coursed down my cheeks. I clenched my hands in agony. I would have given worlds for a light. I was on the point of springing from the bed to see if I could find a bell-rope, that I might ring for a lamp, when I felt myself restrained by a strong hand upon my arm. I seized upon it, and it felt like life; but it was immediately withdrawn. I then spoke sternly: "Spirit of darkness, away! approach me not! Phantom or reality, I command you to stand aloof!" I then sprang from my bed and swept my arm fiercely around in the darkness. I reached the side of the room, and with nervous and trembling fingers felt along the wall for a bell-rope, but could find none. I came to the door of my apartment; I opened it, and looked down the staircase. Every lamp seemed extinguished, and not the slightest footfall could be heard throughout the establishment. I hesitated. "After all, it may be but an illusion," thought I. "My wakefulness—my excited imagination—that mysterious power which night sometimes seems to exercise over the restive spirit, filling it with fantastic fears, are, perchance, but casting their spell over me."

I was about to return once more to my pillow, but such was the anxiety of my mind, that I determined to wake the house. I felt that I could not longer endure the horror that oppressed me. I pitched my voice to the highest key, and exclaimed, "a light! a light!" To my astonishment, it now seemed, for the first time, that my voice gave forth no sound. When I had spoken before, I had not noticed this appalling phenomenon. I again tried to speak. My tongue, my vocal organs seemed to be perfect; I could feel the thrill of my lungs, the rush of my breath; but no sound issued from my lips. "And has sound, too, perished?" thought I. "Is light quenched for ever? Does the trembling air refuse to echo the voice of man? Do I live, and yet in the midst of nothingness? Has the lamp of life gone out, and am I but a wick left to burn? I feel, yet hold no communion with existence? Am I a living spirit, confined in darkness and silence for ever?"

There was something in these ideas so overwhelming as to create a sudden change in my mind. I began seriously to think that some awful and inscrutable destiny had be-

fallen the world. With a great effort I endeavored to command my faculties. I returned to my bed, and determined to wait the event. I again fell into a profound repose. I awoke after a long space. It seemed to me that many hours had passed; but still the same darkness, the same silence environed me. I felt my strength to be wasted; my lips were parched; my brow was hot and feverish; yet I yielded to my fate. "I can but die," thought I internally, "and the sooner the better." I endeavored to compose myself and meet the event with calmness. While I was thus meditating, I felt a finger laid upon my pulse. It is impossible to describe the horror that crept over me as I felt the pressure of that finger. It was real, distinct, certain. I was persuaded it could not be the trick of my imagination, or the sport of some ghostly visitor. I counted the beat of my pulse against the unseen finger. It was full and rapid, but even. How inscrutable was my condition! I again felt a hand laid upon my brow. My head was pressed by another hand. Again the agony of my mind began to master me, and I strove to rise, but in vain. I felt a cooling draught put to my lips. It

was delicious, and I drank freely. Food was brought, and I ate with a relish. I arose in my bed, and became conscious that there were beings around me. Time passed on, and I discovered that the darkness and the silence rested only upon me. My eye and my ear had been struck with paralysis, and I was both blind and deaf!

Such was my dream—yet it was not all a dream. I was suffering under a severe affection of the eyes, and the nature of my malady called upon me to consider the possibility—nay, the probability of my becoming blind. How strange are the visions of sleep, and how wildly do they blend fiction with truth? Yet our dreams are not without their moral. The wondrous scope of the fancy, when left to fly unchecked through the realms of thought, may display the fearful powers of the soul; and the fiction presented in the dream above described, may afford a suggestion as to the misery which the mind may suffer, by being merely cut off from the sources of happiness, which come with light and sound and a thousand other objects, perhaps uncounted and unappreciated, to bless our present existence.

A HYMN.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

HEAVEN, sweet Heaven!

When shall I be there,

Unfettered by sin,

Delivered from care?

When shall my spirit

Be happy with God?

When shall I soar

Where mortals ne'er trod?

When shall I drink,

From the fountain of love,

Streams that make glad

The city above?

When shall I revel

In fullness of joy—

Swim in delights

That never can cloy?

Sag Harbor, L. I., Dec 6, 1845.

Where sun, moon, nor stars

Illumine the skies,

Nor planets of beauty

In grandeur arise—

Where Christ is the centre

Round whom myriads play—

The light of whose eye

Makes eternity's day.

When shall I rest

In those mansions of peace?

When will this warfare

With sin ever cease?

God of my fathers,

When called above,

Take me to Heaven

With all that I love!

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

THE REMAINS OF HUMAN GREATNESS.—Reading lately the account of the re-interment, for the third time, of the remains of the great discoverer, Columbus, which took place on the 19th of January, 1796, in the Cathedral at Havana, our eye rested on this passage: "The coffin was opened in the presence of the Governor, the Captain General, and the Commander of the Royal Marines. A leaden chest, a foot and a half square by one foot in height, was found within. On opening this chest, a small piece of bone and a quantity of dust were seen, which was all that remained of the great Columbus."

This is one of those solemn facts, illustrative of our nothingness, which demand a pause. It compels reflection of the gravest sort—"a small piece of bone and a quantity of dust were seen, and that was all that remained of the great Columbus." The world which the great navigator discovered is still called the New World; everything about it looks fresh and recent; some of the very forests, it may be, in whose "dim aisles" he stood, a wondering worshipper of God, still exist in all the solemn grandeur they wore to his devout imagination, while he, as to his mortal part, is a handful of dust. The lofty form, the noble countenance, the piercing eye, the mortal all, of the great Columbus, is literal dust, not distinguishable from that of the meanest. Such is man in his best estate. And if that philosophy which denies to us a soul immortal, imperishable, be asked for comfort and counsel, what can it say or do to silence the inquiry, "Wherefore has the Deity made man in vain?" Thanks to God, life and immortality have been brought to light in the Gospel, and the grave is not our final abode.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—We trust it betrays no want of proper modesty, to bespeak for this number an attentive examination and a careful perusal. We think it will bear comparison with any other monthly now in the field, for the variety and excellence of its contents. The first article, "The Youngest Sister," is a sweet piece from the pen of a lady, who has followed to the unseen world the young girl whose early summons she has so touchingly described. "The Tour through Scotland and Ireland," commenced in this No., is from the pen of a gentleman of this city, whose name is intimately blended with one of the greatest of modern enterprises, ocean navigation by steam, and who, moreover, is a discriminating observer of men and things. Scattered through these pages will be found several poetical contributions of more than average value; and not the less poetical because in prose form, are some

gems from the German, translated by Mrs. St. Simon. The lovers of home scenes will find an agreeable treat in the "Struggles of Life," and in one or two other articles. And while speaking of our work, we may take occasion to say that we are constantly receiving encouragement from intelligent and tasteful readers to persevere in our undertaking. The press, too, with scarcely an exception, has warmly seconded our enterprise.

SIGHTS IN THE CITY.—In this great metropolis ample provision is made for the gratification of the tastes of the curious of all characters, and no slight effort is made to entrap the unwary stranger and attract him where he would not willingly and knowingly be found. There are two places of resort which we think of at the moment, to which we can with entire propriety invite the citizen and the stranger who may have an hour or two to appropriate in examining the wonders of art. One of these is the Daguerreotype Gallery of Plumbé, northwest corner of Broadway and Park Place. There is a vast deal of quackery in this line of business; but those who wish to see specimens of the art in its most finished style, will go to Plumbé's. It is one of the most splendid galleries, probably, in any country, where may be found the likeness of almost every public man in the church or state. Gentlemanly attendants are always happy to receive visitors without charge. The charge for taking a likeness in their best style is not higher, we are told, than is asked at very inferior establishments. But whether visitors desire a likeness or not, they are made welcome, and it is an exceedingly pleasant way of spending an hour.

The other city sight, which is spoken of with astonishment by all who have seen it, is Belden's miniature of New-York city, in which every house, public and private, every tree, post, &c., is accurately copied or carved in wood. Visitors at one glance can thus obtain a perfect view of the whole city and a part of Brooklyn. It is a monument of patient labor and curious art.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.—In the biography of Jean Paul, it is mentioned, that during his last days, when blind, and all the powers of life were forsaking him, he longed greatly in the evening for the refreshment of music; but the voices of his children overpowered him, and his affectionate heart wept at their simplest tones; but when in the next apartment the sounds appeared to come from a distance, he would listen to the voices that he loved. Then he would turn his face towards the wall, and earth and sorrow were forgotten; while he flew with the sounds to

fairer climes, and flowers, and mountains, and beautiful forms. When his family returned, they would find him sitting upright on the sofa, and in his face were the traces of emotions that his darkened eyes could no longer express. Who can tell the alleviation of pain, of anxious thought, which the genial influence of music secured to the venerable poet, or imagine how far it compensated him for that loss of sight by which all things bright and fair in nature were for ever hidden from his view? The lack of a taste for music, in such a case, we can see, would have been a calamity scarcely inferior to blindness, or the loss of either of the senses. It is a calamity in any case. We have often reflected upon the really pitiable condition of a family in which the sweet sounds of music are never heard, and its refining, elevating, soothing influences are never felt. It is difficult to conceive of any respectable advance in civilisation without music; and that assuredly must be a rugged and rude Christianity which excludes the voice of song. Music, like a sweet spirit from the skies, was appointed to refine, exalt, and bless us; to lull our pain, assuage our sorrow, refresh our languor, stimulate our hearts to high and holy aims; and not more distinctly is prayer required than singing and making melody. As an instrument of education, music is invaluable, and no family is properly trained without it. Oh! how often now, as in the days of Saul, does music drive the foul fiend of melancholy, of corroding grief and sorrow, far away! The morning and the evening hymn at the family altar, as sung in the days of our childhood, sound in our ears through a long life, and are perpetual remembrancers of the lessons instilled by parental lips. Often, when our hearts have grown hard, and we are pursuing the business or the sinful pleasures of the world, reckless of a life to come, the tune that we were familiar with in better and tenderer times, comes floating to our heart, as if sent from the spirit-land to remonstrate with us, to remind us how we have wandered since the day when we first heard its melting, mournful strains. This is a topic worthy of the attention of parents and all others concerned in the business of education.

The friends of evangelical truth will everywhere drop a tear at the announcement that the estimable and eloquent Charlotte Elizabeth has passed away from among us. She died at Ramsgate, England, on the 12th of July. The particulars of her last illness and death have not yet reached us. Doubtless the principles she professed and so zealously and ably maintained in her writings, were adequate to all the exigencies of the last conflict. She has left behind her a wide-spread and honorable fame, and her writings will long continue to bless society. She has not lived in vain, nor spent her strength for nought. Who can estimate the good already done and yet to be accomplished by that one life?

By the side of one such example, in all its moral lustre and beneficence, how unutterably contemptible, mean, and criminal, is the gay and glittering woman of fashion, whose butterfly existence excites by its gaudiness a momentary admiration, and then vanishes for ever, leaving no impression better or more lasting than that produced by the insignificant insect. Charlotte Elizabeth, besides contributing largely to the general cause of truth and goodness in the world, has laid her sex under special obligation for the ability and ardor with which she has labored to redress the wrongs of women in the lower walks of life against the cupidity of their employers, a subject which, at last, happily, begins to awaken an attention and feeling ominous of amelioration and reform. No philanthropist can longer overlook the ill-paid and severe toils of the many thousands of indigent females, who, to earn a living of the humblest sort, must wear themselves to skeletons, and shut themselves out from all relaxation and enjoyment. In our country as in England, this evil has attained to frightful proportions, and what Clarkson and Wilberforce were to African slavery, we hope Charlotte Elizabeth, and others worthy of her mantle, will be to white female servitude in our own and all other Christian countries.

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?—The late excellent Bishop Heber has written better poetry, but not truer theology, than is found in some lines attributed to him, in answer to the inquiry, "What is religion?" It is thought that rules in verse are more easily committed to memory than in prose, and as it is quite certain some people fail sadly to remember the prose directions of the Bible about evil-speaking, suppose these short memories make trial of learning Heber's homely verses, repeating them daily until the practice of their precept becomes easy:

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

Is it to go to church to-day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down
Be dealing slander through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face
Denote the certain reign of grace?
Does not a phiz that scowls at sin
Oft veil hypocrisy within?

Religion shuns an ill report,
And scorns with human woe to sport—
Of others deeds it speaks no ill,
But tells of good, or else KEEPS STILL.

OUR CORRESPONDENT, J. C. W., who, some months ago, bespoke "a place in our literary omnibus" for some "Stanzas to Sleep," must not infer their rejection from our silence. The MS. was mislaid soon after it came to hand, and not recovered till a few days since, after all the "seats" for this number were filled. They shall appear in our next. We "bespeak" farther acquaintance with J. C. W.

THE REPOSE OF THE DEAD.

POETRY BY NEMUS.

MUSIC BY IBERIUS.

ANDANTE.

1. Why dread to lay down this frail bo - dy to

rest, Where the cy - press doth cast its dark

shade? Why trem - ble to think that a - bove this warm

staccato. *ten.*

THE REPOSE OF THE DEAD.

159

breast, Flowers shall spring up and blos - som and

fade ? Flowers shall spring up and blos - som

a piacere.
and . . . fade ?
pp dim.

II.

Why fear, when the turmoil of life shall be o'er,
To lie low and repose with the dead ?
When the tempest shall rage, the elements roar,
And the storm howl unheard round our bed ?

III.

'Tis a boon that in love our Father hath given,
A release from all sorrow and pain ;
'Tis but to exchange tears and sighing for heaven,
And with Jesus our Savior to reign.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

FOSTER'S ESSAYS.—Mr. Robert Carter, 58 Canal street, has issued a handsome re-print of these celebrated Essays, which have now reached their eighteenth edition in England. Few books of the present century have won so wide-spread a popularity, or exerted a more wholesome influence; and many thousands we doubt not, will yet be made wiser and better by its inculcations. The Essay on Decision of Character, embraced in this volume, is probably the best known production of Foster. Every young man should read and re-read it, until his mind is thoroughly imbued with its sentiments and its spirit; till he finds his heart permanently fixed upon a worthy life-purpose, and till he thoroughly feels the folly, the weakness, and wickedness of vacillating and wasting his time and his energies, in a world where life is so short and the business of life is so important. The Essay on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion, is also a fine paper, the reading of which cannot be too strongly recommended to those for whose benefit it was written, and who, we fear, form a large class in this country as well as in England.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway, have just published the *Life and Correspondence of John Foster*, author of the Essays above mentioned. We have not yet had the opportunity of seeing it, but it is venturing nothing to say that the correspondence of a man so celebrated and so intimately connected with the literature of his time, must be an attractive book. The same publishers are about issuing a series of new books for children, with abundant illustrations, under the title of *Gammar Gurton's Story Books*.

Typee, or a Peep at Polynesian Life, by H. Melville. An entirely new edition of this book is just out from the press of Wiley & Putnam. The most objectionable parts of the first edition, to which we took exception in a review in this Magazine, are omitted in this—an evidence that, for some reason, the counsels of truth and decency have been regarded.

Characteristics of Women, by Mrs. Jameson. Wiley & Putnam are republishing this work in numbers, each containing three beautiful engravings. Mrs. J. is an elegant writer. We observe that a volume from her pen, "*Memoirs and Essays*," forms No. 64 of the *Library of Choice Reading*, by the same publishers, who, by the way, deserve much praise for their judgment and enterprise in getting up "books which are books," and thus supplanting, to a considerable extent, inferior publications.

The Magazines for the last month, *Graham's*, *Godey's*, the *Columbian*, &c., present their usual variety of fare, and each seems struggling to distance all the rest in embellishments. But none comes with so rich a freight, or so chaste a costume, as the *Knickerbocker*. For untiring industry, exquisite taste, inexhaustible tact, and unfading good humor, the editor of the *Knick* takes the palm beyond a question. We always think of him as old *Knick*, remembering how many years he has presided; but when we open to his "Gossip" and "Table," and notice the rare "juiciness of youth," the sunshiny cheerfulness that overspread and pervade his pages, we forget that he or anybody else is getting grey. Not unfrequently, however, it contains articles that have cost much patient and laborious investigation, and which would do honor to the best *Quarterlies*.

The *Modern British Plutarch*, or *Lives of Men distinguished in the recent History of England for their Talents, Virtues, or Achievements*, by W. C. Taylor, L. L. D., of Trinity College, Dublin, forms the XVII. volume of the Messrs. Harper's *New Miscellany*. The author, in his preface, truly says, "Intelligent young persons hear names 'familiar as household words' to their parents, but of which they themselves know nothing; for we all have a habit of speaking of the events with which we were cotemporary, or nearly so, as if they had the same notoriety for the young that they have for the old." Such is the case of the eminent men for a century or two back; and in this work the author well fulfils his object, by giving biographies of some thirty-eight of the most conspicuous among them, of whom almost every one has heard something, but so few know the real history.

Clement of Rome, or Scenes from the Christianity of the First Century, by Mrs. Joelin. New York: Baker & Scribner, 145 Nassau street, and 36 Park Row. This is a charming volume, which, we presume, will meet with a wide-spread patronage. The object of the book is to give interest to the early facts and precepts of Christianity, by associating them with an accurate picture of cotemporary Grecian and Roman life. An introductory notice by Tayler Lewis, is a fine piece of writing, worth of itself more than the price of the book. Our narrow limits forbid us to speak as we should wish to of *Clement*. We recommend our readers to examine it for themselves. When they have done so, they will thank us for our advice.

